

The FAMOUS

HISTORY

OF

Don Quixote

DE LA

MANCHA.

CONTAINING

An Account of his many strange Adventures, and wonderful Exploits in Encountering supposed Armies, Giants, Inchaned Castles, Knights, and other Adventures; his Love to Ladies: With the Merry Humours of *Sancho Panca* his Squire. Pleasant and Profitable, &c.

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I

• The Famous

HISTORY

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Don Quixote

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CHAP. I.

How *Don Quixote* set out; and of the Lady
he chose to fight for.

AS Histories of this Nature are very
curious, so in the sequel you will
find things strange and wonderful.
A Treatise it is that has in the many Re-
ports wherein it has been delivered to the
A 3 World,

World, occasioned much Laughter, &c. Don Quixote, a Spanie taken from Quixada, as most Knight-Errants change their names, to act more famous in Disguise. And for his Horse, chose the name of Rosinante, and scouring up his rusty Armour, resolved upon the reading of many Books of Knight-Errantry, to betake himself to the like, by hazarding his Person in strange Adventures. But upon second thoughts, imagining that all his Attempts, however successful, would avail him little, unless he had a Lady or Mistress, to whose auspicious Smiles he attributed them; and therefore chose one Aldonsa Lorenzo, a brisk Lass of the next Village, whom from the place where she was born, he stiled Dulcinea del Toboso, as he did himself Don Quixote de la Mancha, from the place of his Birth. Things being at this pass, he prepared himself with all speed to seek Adventures, under the Auspice of his sweet Lady, whom in Imagination he conceived no less than a Princess, as other Knight-Errants had done by those they adored.

C H A P. II.

How *Don Quixote* took an Inn for an Enchanted Castle, and of the Virgins he met there, and how he was Entertained; with his desire of Knight-hood.

EARLY in the Morning *Don Quixote* departed from his House by a private Door, grieving by the way at nothing but that he was not dubbed a Knight; because according to the Custom of Knight-Errantry, he could enterprize nothing of moment before he was so; and that till he had achieved some great matter, he was incapable of wearing any other than white Armour; for so he had found it in many Books, as that of *Don Bellianis of Greece*, *Palmerine of England*, *Arnadis de Gaul*, &c. But whilest he rode pensive, Night coming on, he without any Achievement came within view of an Inn, which he fancied to be a Famous Castle, adorned with Battlements of Brass, Towers of Silver, and the like: In the Door of which Inn stood two Wenches, brought thither by the Carrier, whom he supposed to be Enchanted Ladies; and to them, armed as he was, he made his Address in many

Amorous Complements, ere the Host came, who assured him to his small comfort, there was no vacant Lodging, but if he would have any in that place, he must chalk it out on the Floor. This put him in a Quandary; but considering what hardships Knights of his Undertaking endured, he checked his Melancholy, lest his tenderness should be perceived; when giving Orders for his Horse to be set up, the supposed Ladies helped him to unharm all but his Beaver, or Murrion, plated over with brown Paper, which to prevent the cutting of the green Ribands it was tyed with, he would by no means have pulled off. As for his Supper, it was of Poor John; and drink he could not with his Headpiece on, unless his Liquor was poured through a hollow Cane, or Scoup, which his Host provided: And the next thing he required, was to be dubbed a Knight, for which he so earnestly longed: An Account of which the following Chapter will produce.

C H A P. III.

How he desired to be dubbed a Knight by the Master of the Inn: How it was performed, and of his Combat with the Carriers.

DON Quixote having ended his Supper, and desiring to be dubbed a Knight, his Host, whom he supposed to be the Constable of the Castle, and to whom he gave great Titles, commanded him to lay his Armour on the Cistern, and to watch it, all Night, which he did with his Lance in his Hand; but so it happened, that the Carriers coming to Water their Oxen, casting off the Armour, he fell upon them with his Lance, and broke their Heads in a piteous manner, which causing a great Commotion in the Inn, the Host, to prevent further mischief, thought fit to dub him Knight out of hand: And so making a Complement to excuse the shortness of his watching, he bid him kneel down, and mumbling over him out of the Book he kept his Account of Straw & Oats in; and giving him two or three Cods over the Pole with the flat of his Sword, he caused the Wenches, a Butchers and a Millers Daughter, to buckle on his Belt, and put

put on his Spurs; and these in the extravagant fit of Gallantry he would needs term Ladies, vowing to fight in their defence: And so departing, he returned towards his own home, to furnish himself with Honey, Salves, and Oynments, for his further intended Progress; and by the way heard a cry in the Wood, which he proposed to himself to be that of some distressed Lady, which made him advance thitherward; and upon his arrival, found a Youth stripped and tyed to a Tree, whilst his Master was belabouring him with Whip-cord for suffering his Sheep to be lost. Him Don Quixote set at Liberty, menacing his Master at a dismal rate, if he paid him not his Wages; but that availed not with the Clown; for although he had promised, for fear of being run through with the Lance, all that was commanded, yet when Don Quixote was out of sight, he fell to belabouring the Lad worse than before. Our Knight-Adventurer went further on his way, and observing divers Merchants and their Servants coming towards him, began to have a whimsie of Knight-Errantry in his Riddle, to stop the way, and make them fight for the passage, unless they would confess his Mistress the fairest of Women; which refusing to do, unless they might see her,

her, he couched his Lance, and set Spurs to his Horse; but he falling in the midst of the Carreer, the Master oppressed by the weight of his Armour, fell; and not being capable of rising, was cudgell'd by a Page, and there left, till one of his Neighbours coming by, and knowing him, conveyed him home on his Als, where he found his House in confusion by reason of his absence; and understanding after they had got him to bed, and his pretending he had fought with ten monstrous Giants, that the Books of Knight-Errantry, with which his Study was stuffed, were the occasion of the Frenzie that reigned in his Noddle; to prevent worse mischief, though to no purpose, they sacrificed them to the Flames.

C H A P. IV.

How *Don Quixote* returned home; and how his Books, that had occasioned his Distraction, were burnt.

DON Quixote having stay'd at home in much raving and disorder, for the space of fifteen days, and in that time prevailed with one Sancho Pansa, a Neighbour-
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ing Shepherd, to leave his Wife and Children, in order to attend him as his Squire, in hopes of being made Governour of Islands and Kingdoms he should Conquer: away they made their escape the second time undiscovered, Don Quixote on his Horse Rosinante, and his Squire, whilst some Knight-Adventurer could be dismounted to furnish him, on an Ass: Thus they had not rode far in a misty Day, but Don Quixote espying divers Windmills, and not well assured, took them for Giants; whereupon mentioning often the name of Dulcinea his Mistress, notwithstanding the perswasions of his Squire, who informed him they were no other than Windmills, he rode up to the foremost, which was driven round by the Wind, and after having challenged it to Combat with an audible voice, couched his Lance, and ran furiously against the Sails, supposing them to be Arms; but the Lance sticking between the bars of the flyers, hoisted him into the Air, he piteously crying out for help: nor dropt he, till he was canted into a Fish-pond on the other side, where by the weight of his Armour he had perished, had not Sancho come speedily to his aid; nor would he be perswaded but that the Giants, upon his approach, had transformed themselves into Windmills,

for

for fear of being lead Captives to the next Castle. This bad success did not dismay Don Quixote, but mounting as well as he could, he rode on with his Squire, till he perceived at a distance a Coach, and two riding befoze it on Dromedaries: These he assured himself were Enchanters, who were conveying some great Prince or Princess to their Castle; and therefore with many outrageous words he cast one to the ground, and put the other to flight, though indeed they belonged not to the Coach; whereupon coming up to the Lady, he with many Complements bid them acknowledge his favours, and do as much to his dear Lady Dulcinea, whom he styled Princess; and because they boggl'd at it, he went about to turn the Coach, which a Biscayan Squire belonging to it perceiving, came at him with his Sword, and began a hot Combat; but it was Don Quixote's fortunate hour, for after the loss of his Car, he with a blow smote the Squire to the Earth, and had him at his Mercy; but at the Intercession of the Ladies, who promised to do whatever he demanded, his Life was spared. Proud of this, he rides on, and after having continued some time with a parcel of Goat-herds, who entertained him with sad stories of the Love of Chrysostom, who

who dyed for the fair Shepherdess Marcella, he came with his Squire into a fair Meadow, where taking his Horses part, who was abusive to certain Carriers Hares there feeding, he was, together with his Squire, almost cudgelled to death by a company of lusty Carriers that grazed them. But in time recovering a little strength, he was laid cross Sancho's Ass, and carried to the next Inn, which he, as he did all other Inns, fancied to be a Castle; and there he and his Man fared little better, in attempting to surprize an Austrian Wench of the House, who in the Night was stealing to bed to a Carrier, &c. which made him conclude it to be an Enchanted Castle.

C H A P. V.

How, having overcome the *Biscayan*, and dubbed *Sancho Pancho* his Squire, he received hard usage in an Inn, and afterwards fighting with a drove of Sheep, was beaten by the Shepherds.

DON Quixote perswading himself that his hard usage had in the dark proceeded from an Enchanted Moor, who was Guardian of

of the *Menches* Beauty, who though a homely piece of Creation, he in his Extravagancy fancied lovely; when the next Morning taking a Purge, as also did his Squire, which evacuating both ways, put them into a lamentable condition, he got up, and mounted *Rosinante*; but as he was spurring out of the *Pard*, the Inn-keeper seized on his *Bridle*, and demanded Money for his Lodging and Diet, though indeed both were very hard; but he pleading a while the Laws of *Knights Errantry*, found means to rush forward, and break through the press; but *Sancho's* Ass being slow, him they caught, and tossed in a Blanket, lamentably crying to his Master to come to his Rescue; but the Gates being shut, he might see him mount and descend like a Dog a *Shrovetide*, but could not come at him; till in the end, with Labour and Laughter the tossers being weary, set him down, and gave him a little Wine to refresh him; when taking his opportunity, off he trooped in such fear and haste, that he forgot his *Wallet*, wherein was the Provision and other *Necessaries*; and so overtaking his Master, they rode on together, till mounting a Hill, and perceiving divers Flocks of Sheep, his Frenzie drove him to that Extravagance, to fancy they were Armies in Battel-array; and there

thereupon began to name their Leaders, and blazon their Arms in many Antick Portraitsures; and with these he was said to fight a dreadful Battel, for that Alifamfiron, who was a Moor and Mahumetan, sought Lucinda, the fair Daughter of Dipaliton, by force, who was a Christian; and in her Defence he intended to signalize his Valour, animating Sancho to do the like, who promised it; whereupon drawing his Sword, he flew furiously amongst the harmles Sheep, hacking and hewing them at a strange rate, calling them Infidel Dogs, and swearing none should live. This outrage, though Sancho, who was sensible of his mistake, perswaded him to desist, roused the Shepherds from their Caves, who assaulted him with Stones and Crooks, bruising and wounding him very much, beating out divers of his Teeth, insomuch that he dropped from his Horse; and the Shepherds supposing they had slain him, collecting their Flocks, drove them thence, and carried with them their dead Buttons that fell by the Hand of Don Quixote; nor would he yet be induced to believe but they were Men, though, said he, to disappoint me, the Conjuror Friston has in the midst of my Victory changed them; but 'tis ten to one but you will by and by find them in
their

their proper shape; and in the mean while open the Wallet, and let us refresh our selves; upon this Sancho began to fumble for it, but calling himself to mind, he with a doleful tone told his Master he had left it in the Inn, which put them both in a dump; but not daring to return to fetch it, they agreed to find out some Hospitable Quarters; and Night coming on, they at a distance espied coming towards them a number of People in white with Torches, followed by a Bier and Mourners, which he concluded to be Ghosts or wandring Spirits that frequented those solitary places, or rather a device of the Conjuror Friston's, to terrifie him; but however, being in a mad mood, he set upon them in great fury, beating down some, and scattering the rest over the Field, who with their Torches resembled so many Jack-a-Lanthorns; but the truth coming to be understood from one that had been overthrown, and upon whose Leg his Mule lay, it appeared only to be the Funeral Solemnity of Alanzo Lopaze going to the Town of Segovia; yet Sancho had the luck whilst his Master was engaged, to seize a Sumpter-Mule laden with Provision, which he transferred to his own Ass, and so on they jogged, rejoicing at this easie and fortunate Adventure.

C H A P. VI.

How *Don Quixote*, supposing the noise of Fulling-Mills to be Giants fighting, stood in Arms all Night, to expect the Combat.

DON Quixote riding on, came into a Valley encompassed with Rocks and Hills, when being dark, a fearful sound of blows, rustling of Trees, and Water-falls saluted his Ear, which he conceited to be the Combating of Giants, and in the height of his Courage would have passed on to have made one amongst them, commanding his Page to stay for him in the Valley; and if he came not in three days, to return home, and from thence to go to Toboso, and inform his Lady Dulcinea he was slain in Adventures for her sake; but by the Tears and Entreaties of Sancho, he in the end was prevailed with to stay till the Morning, when still the noise continuing, he made towards it with great Resolution; but instead of finding the Foe he proposed, or Armies engaged, what should occasion it but the hammers of Fulling-Mills; whereat being abashed, that he had stood waiting in Arms all that Night, in expectation of so silly an Adventure; having chastised Sancho

for

for his unseasonable laughing, he rode on to seek what further might offer; and had not gone far, ere he at a distance saw a Barber upon an Ass, with a brass Basin, the Ass having on him only an old Pannel. This Cut-beard Don Quixote took for a famous Knight, and by the glistring of the Basin verily believed it was a golden Helmet, which made his Heart rejoyce, and up to him he made, giving him a desperate polt over the Pate, and commanding him to deliver, or else to render himself his Prisoner. The Barber at that time fearing Catch-poles, threw down his Furniture, and betook himself with all speed to the next Wood for shelter; whereupon Don Quixote commanded Sancho to take up the Basin, swearing it was the Helmet of Mambrino; when putting it on, and turning it divers ways without sitting fast, he began to look for the Weaver, but not finding it, he vowed that the crafty Pagan for whom it was first made, had craftily conveyed it away, and had doubtless a great Head, or that Helmet could never sit well; but that which grieved him most was, that the Helmet wanted one half: Yet content with this Prize, away they rode, he promising to make his San Sancho Lord of great Islands when they should be conquered, having

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already

already given him the Barber's Pannel, which he would have perswaded him had been the rich Furniture of a Horse. Not long had they travelled, before they met a great number of Prisoners in Chains linked together, who were under the conduct of a Guard going to the Gallies: These he examined, as to the Facts they had committed, who making miserable Complaints of their hard and unjust usage, their falsly being accused, and the smalness of their Crimes; he began to intreat the Commissioner who had them in charge, that seeing they had not offended him, he would let them go, and not carry his fellow Creatures into perpetual Slavery; but he scoffing at such a demand, Don Quixote fell on him with such fury, that he overthrew him, and pelted the rest, while Sancho was busie in unchaining the Prisoners, who getting at Liberty, and securing what Arms they could, they with them, and continual showers of Stones beat off the Guard, and put them to flight. They being thus set at Liberty, Don Quixote demanded of them to go with their Chains to Toboso, and there make their Acknowledgment to Dulcinea, his fair Mistress; which they refusing to do, by alledging the danger they should be in by such an Undertaking; and he going about to com-

pel them, they set upon him likewise with Stones, whilest Sancho sculked for his defence behind his As; nor were these Warlets content so to do, but having overwhelmed their Deliverer, they battered the Wason, which he supposed Mambrino's Helmet, about his Ears, and so separated, the better to make their Escape.

C H A P. VII.

Don Quixote having taken the Barbers Bason for a Helmet, and released divers Prisoners, finds Treasure in the Mountain, fights the Wine-bags instead of Monsters in Wooden Armour, and the Pastime he made.

DON Quixote having plaid the Exploit of delivering the Prisoners, and fearing to be sought after by the Magistracy, betook him with his Man Sancho to the Mountains, where Sancho had his As stole whilst he slept, by one of the Slaves that had taken his way thither, which made him pensive and melancholy, till his Master comforted him with the Promise of another; and soon after they found amongst the Rocks a
Port

Portmantua with Linnen, Gold, and Love-
 Papers in it, the latter intimating that the
 owner pined for Love in those Desarts, and
 soon thereupon they espyed a Man almost na-
 ked clambering the steep Rocks as nimble as
 a Goat, and soon after were informed by the
 Shepherds, how he came thither for the Love
 of fair Lucinda, whom he had loved long;
 and to be brief, returning again to himself,
 obtained her: Nor was it long before Don
 Quixote hid himself in that Mountain, dis-
 missing his Man, and doing Penance as an
 Amorous Lover, playing many wild freaks,
 too tedious here to be inserted; and from
 thence it was he wrote a Letter to his belo-
 ved Dulcinea, to let her know his Undertak-
 ing for her sake; but having performed it,
 he took again his Armour, and hearing a Gi-
 ant Lodged near that place, took up a Lodg-
 ing, that he might be ready to fight him the
 next Morning; but so it happened, that he
 either fancied or dreamed that the Giant
 about Mid-night entered his Chamber, and
 dared him to the Combat, when taking his
 Sword, he fell to hacking and hewing upon
 several Leathern Hides full of Wine; so
 that cutting them in pieces, the Wine run
 out: This noise awaking Sancho, and he
 hearing his Master say he had dispatched the
 Mon-

Don Quixote, run in, and finding the Claret about the Floor, came out, and assured the Host, that the Giant coming to surprize his Master, he had cut his Head off, for he had seen it on the Floor, as likewise all his Blood. The Host soon understood what had happened, and made great exclamation against Don Quixote; but what was past could not be remedied, yet they resolved to fit him the next Night; for the Host dissembling the matter, divers of the Guests perswaded Don Quixote that he had not slain the Giant, but that he had threathned to come the next Night and seize the Castle, which was no other than an Inn; and seeing his Bason, and his Arms were shattered, they would provide him with others: To this he agreed, and thereupon an Alarm about Mid-night was sounded, and the Cry was, that the Enemy was at the Gate; whereupon up started Don Quixote, when as they clapt a Tub over him, suffering his Head to come out, on which by strings they fastned a Milk-bowl, and so led him on to the Fight, where being come down, as in the hurry of a Retreat, they tumbled him, rowled him about, and run over him, he not being able to help himself, and so they left him in great Agony till Morning. These are the principal Exploits

exploits and Adventures of this Famous Knight Errant, who for strange, though somewhat extravagant Undertakings, outdid all that went before him; who having made his Sancho Governour of an Island, as he promised, was himself carried home as in an Enchanted Cage, and there ended his days, much lamented of his fair Dulcinea.

FINIS.

AP

Don quixot

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